

# The Critic and Good Literature

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## Literary Tact.

NOT long ago, a eulogist of Matthew Arnold enumerated among that gentleman's many virtues, an unflinching tact. By tact he meant literary tact, for with the personal peculiarities of the critic, as revealed in his private life, he had nothing whatever to do. Yet literary tact is the one quality that Mr. Arnold most conspicuously lacks. Culture, acuteness, sympathetic insight, the courage of his convictions—all these are his in an unusual degree; but for tact we must look in another direction. To take but one instance of his deficiency in this respect, let us glance for a moment at his lecture on Emerson. The subject was the most interesting that could have been chosen for the delectation of the literary people of America. If they had been asked on what theme they would best like the lecturer to discourse, they would have voted almost unanimously in favor of the one which he himself selected. Mr. Arnold felt that he had something of importance to say, and knew that the public were impatient for the delivery of his message. He knew, moreover, that what he had to say could hardly be relished by his hearers, no matter how true it was, or how delicately expressed. Under these circumstances a man of tact would have approached his subject with caution, and handled it with the greatest tenderness. What did Mr. Arnold do? Standing upon his right to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as he saw it, he opened his lips and gave oracular utterance to his iconoclastic views.

The outburst of resentment was instantaneous. That it was also ridiculous does not touch the question at issue, which is one of literary tact, not of right or privilege. Mr. Arnold had an unquestioned right to speak as he did. He spoke the truth—a part of it, at least; and truth is mighty and will prevail. But it will prevail much sooner if it be so presented as to disarm hostility; and there was no reason why the distinguished poet and critic should not have so presented it. His object in lecturing upon Emerson was simply to open the eyes of the blind admirers of the sage. Yet he has probably failed to do this, or has made the success of his endeavor a question of weary years, by assuming a hostile rather than a conciliatory attitude, not so much toward Emerson himself, as toward the worshippers of Emerson, whom he sought to convert into discriminating admirers. His failure to accomplish this object was partly due to the imperfect reporting of his lecture in the papers. Now that it has been published in full in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and reprinted in these columns, a fairer estimate can be formed of it by those who had not the good fortune to hear it delivered when Mr. Arnold was in this country. So far as my memory serves me, there is not the slightest variation between the printed text and the words as they fell from the lecturer's lips.

Mr. Arnold's want of tact in this connection is emphasized by the appearance of a modest little pamphlet by a critic in no wise Mr. Arnold's inferior in other respects, and who in the matter of discretion is as strong as the author of

'Essays in Criticism' is weak. We refer to 'Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Essay,' by John Morley. The point of view of the writer of this pamphlet—which is about half as long again as the lecture—is pretty much the same as Mr. Arnold's. He denies Emerson's right to be regarded as a great poet, a great writer (if by great writer we mean a great stylist), or a great philosopher; yet he shows so high an admiration of his genius as illustrated both in his writings and his life, that none but a very blind worshipper indeed will resent his criticism. He 'gives up to envious Time' as much of Emerson as Mr. Arnold himself is willing to yield, and he values him chiefly for the qualities which Mr. Arnold had in view when he likened him to Marcus Aurelius. 'He is the friend and the aider of those who would live in the spirit,' said Mr. Arnold; and Mr. Morley says the same thing, though in somewhat different words: 'Emerson remains among the most persuasive and inspiring of those who, by word and example, rebuke our despondency, purify our sight, awaken us from the deadening slumbers of convention and conformity, exorcise the pestering imps of vanity, and lift men up from low thoughts and sullen moods of helplessness and piety.' Why is it, then, that Emerson's admirers will gladly welcome a pamphlet containing an estimate of their hero substantially similar to that presented in the lecture which they have received so coldly? The reason is simply this: Mr. Morley is what Mr. Arnold is not—a man of unflinching literary tact. This is not the highest quality of the critic; but it is an exceedingly valuable, and an extremely rare, one.

RANDALL BLACKSHAW.

## Reviews

### Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress."\*

A BOOK of political history, embracing the period of the author's public career, written by a candidate for the office of President of the United States, is a repast to which the readers of this Republic are now for the first time invited. If they find that it is not so much of a feast as they had expected, if the *entremets* lack seasoning, and there is no *pièce de résistance*, they may thank themselves for their disappointment, for there is very little in Mr. Blaine's known traits to justify the hope which may have been entertained. He has been 'before the public,' in one way or another, some quarter of a century, and he has done much that has attracted attention, but he has done very little that rewarded it. Judged by his speeches in Congress and on 'the stump,' he is the last man from whom a judicious person would expect a historical work of special value or interest, according to the standards usually applied to such work. Moreover, it should be remembered in justice to the author that, though he was an aspirant for the Presidential nomination when he entered on his history, as he had been for at least eight years, he was not a candidate for the office, and probably did not expect to be. His appearance in that rôle has been a surprise, not altogether agreeable, to a great many people; it was very likely a surprise to him also. In any case, he is entitled to have his work judged on its merits, and it would be unfair to condemn it because it does not correspond to the remarkable circumstances in which the writer now finds himself.

Approached in this way, the book will repay, not only reading, but, for a certain class, study as well. There is not very much in it that is new to the readers of American history, so far as concerns the course of principal events, but there is something fairly novel in those parts of it which relate to party politics. Mr. Blaine is, as our readers may know, a politician, and a very successful one. He is, perhaps, the most successful of his generation, for he has managed to attain to the highest honors that his party can con-

\* Twenty Years in Congress. From Lincoln to Garfield. With a Review of the Events Which Led to the Political Revolution of 1860. By James G. Blaine. Vol. 2. Norwich, Conn. The Henry Bill Publishing Company.

fer (the Presidency is the gift of the people; the party can give but the nomination). He has won a genuine popularity, stronger and more efficient for his purposes than has any of his contemporaries; he has drawn about him a band of able, active and devoted followers, more potent and more closely attached than any public man of his time could command; and he has done this without being intimately identified with any great policy or any high principle. He has accomplished it by the sheer force of his personality, expressed through the methods, more or less elevated, of the politician. When, therefore, he undertakes the explanation of 'the events which led to the political revolution of 1860,' to which a very considerable part of his first volume is devoted, he is able to throw new light on the subject, which, in its general outlines, is already familiar. He tells us what was the feeling between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Van Buren, between the former and Mr. Clay, and between Mr. Clay and Gen. Jackson, and how these affected the contest in which Mr. Clay was defeated for the Presidency. There has been much written on the question of Mr. Clay's terrible misfortune, but no one has before made exactly the same contribution to its history, or described so succinctly and so effectively the party exigencies which drove the great leader to the letter on the admission of Texas, or the elements in the position of the Whig party in the North that made that letter fatal. Mr. Blaine also describes, with the keen interest and the easy exactness of an expert, the subsequent course of the contending ambitions, jealousies, resentments and intrigues which led to the Free-Soil party, the nomination of Van Buren and Adams, and the temporary, but last, triumph of the Whigs under Gen. Taylor.

When he draws nearer to our own time, and gives us his view of the struggle over slavery, he occupies much the same point of view, and it gives a limited but quite peculiar and sometimes intense interest to his narrative. If he fails—and we think that he does fail—to recognize at their full value the moral impulses that moved the American people at that momentous period, he manages to give us much otherwise inaccessible information as to the way in which parties and party leaders, on both sides, were affected by those impulses, and, in their turn, directed or modified them. In doing this, he contributes very considerably to our knowledge of the public men of that day, for he sees and explains much that the general public did not then see, and that the ordinary historian lacks either the industry or the judgment to discover. There are many instances of this, but we shall mention but one—the quite admirable account of the career and character of Stephen A. Douglas. Of like value is Mr. Blaine's analysis of the motives that governed the rival leaders of the Democratic party, the representatives of the slave-power. He rejects the view so generally taken that there was an economic necessity for the extension of slavery, and holds that the objective point of the pro-slavery leaders was the maintenance of the equilibrium between free and slave States in the Senate, an equilibrium on which depended their power to command the federal patronage, or, at least, to prevent its use against them. This again is the view of the politician, and it is one that ought not to be ignored, obviously insufficient as it is.

What is surprising in connection with it is that, while seeing so clearly, and perhaps exaggerating, the importance of federal patronage as an element in the great contest of that time, Mr. Blaine nowhere points out the essentially mischievous nature of the system on which that patronage was used and, with recent and limited exception, has ever since been used. He accepts it as naturally as a Prussian general accepts the system of supporting his army on forced contributions from the enemy. He perceives that the spoils of office are an ugly weapon in the hands of political leaders; but he notes no reason why they should not be used, and is serenely blind to the dishonesty of their use, and to the widespread and disgusting demoralization to which they give rise. He does not seem to know, or, if he knows,

he regards as of very little consequence, the fact that Calhoun, the arch-leader of the South, denounced with energy the instrumentality for which his party is represented as contending so persistently, and would gladly have put it beyond their own and their opponent's reach. Nor does he note that Webster held the same view. Yet a history of 'the events which led to the political revolution' of 1860 that omits all mention of the machinery by which the Democratic party in the North was kept in alliance with and subjection to the slave-power for so many years, is plainly defective in a very important point. It would be going too far in another direction to say that the spoils of office were the sole motive-power by which this machinery was impelled, but it was unquestionably the chief motive-power. Ultimately it was one of the principal causes, also, of the disintegration of the party, by a process not unlike that which is steadily tending to a similar effect in the Republican party, and of which it is not improper to remark that the present position of Mr. Blaine is one of the features.

The style in which Mr. Blaine writes is chiefly his own. From a literary point of view it is open to criticism, if it were worth while to make it. But it is hardly worth while. It is at once pretentious and clumsy where he treats of questions higher and broader than the strictly political; but it is clear, crisp and animated where he treats those matters in which he is at home. As these are what give his book its special value, there is no occasion to quarrel with the style. If he can maintain it at the same general level through the next volume, which will embrace some questions that, frankly handled, will be literally 'burning,' the reader will have reason to be gratified.

#### "The San Rosario Ranch."\*

THE critic must indeed have very little sentiment who would not be tempted in these hot and dusty days to take first from his latest package of books one with the tempting title of 'The San Rosario Ranch.' There is a rosebud in every syllable, a drop of dew in each separate letter. He will not find the book quite what he expects, but he will find it very pleasant reading. He expects a ranch, and instead of just such a ranch as he has in his mind's eye, he finds a charming villa with 'grounds'—grounds, indeed, twelve thousand acres in extent,—inhabited by artists, lovers, and beautiful young women in white gowns and amber beads. Not that we doubt in the least the existence of just such a ranch with just such æsthetic elements; we know too well a ranch with a piano and a portière in its parlor, not to have full confidence that there are ranches with parchment translations of Dante and Petrarch lying around loose, and at least one young lady from Venice introducing rugs and *bric-à-brac* into the daily life of ranchmen. All these things, or similar, we have ourselves known upon a ranch; but there is usually something else, too; cows, for instance, or sheep. It is a matter of fact that, except for a single sentence, after finishing the book about San Rosario we should have not the faintest idea whether it was a horse, a cattle or a sheep ranch. Allusion is made to a big bull, Jupiter by name, and to a dairy; but ranchmen are so in the habit of saying, 'No, we don't keep cows; just now, indeed, I don't think we have more than a hundred,' that even a dairy on a large scale does not necessarily suggest that the ranch is for cattle. To be sure, it is not at all necessary that we should enter into the business of the ranch; but the fact remains that Miss Howe's men are not ranchmen; they are artists and lovers living for the time being on a ranch; and it is not quite clear why they were placed just where they are. This is certainly not a serious fault, and we are not at all disposed to cavil at it; we don't care in the least to hear about the cattle—if they were cattle,—and we do care very much about the people, who are interesting, clever and original; moreover, being a mere trifles of twelve thousand

\* The San Rosario Ranch. By Maud Howe. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



acres within easy ride of San Francisco, it is quite possible that to the regular California ranchman, San Rosario seemed merely a 'pocket-ranch' for a gentleman's toy. Only a certain wilful tendency crosses the reader's mind at times to remind Miss Howe, as the architect did the gentleman who wished to hang his father's portrait over the mantel, that 'the room is Turkish,' and that even adding a fez to the good man's countenance hardly makes him genuinely and sincerely 'available.'

And yet it is easy to see how it all came about. The book is not an imaginative one. The author is perfectly familiar with whatever ground she traverses, and it is quite conceivable that, struck with the artistic possibilities of confronting Old World problems with New World conditions, she debated whether to lay her scene in Venice and introduce a few wild Californians, or lay the scene in California and import a few choice Europeans, letting hardly more than chance decide in favor of the latter. The book is a graceful, careful, thoughtful weaving together of many distinct experiences by one who has seen a good deal of the world both socially and geographically. The experiences may not have been drawn from a note-book, may be indeed unconscious reminiscences of many types of men and many different scenes, even many different pictures or rooms or gowns; and they are woven together naturally and easily into a fabric that pleases and almost delights. There is none of the patchwork effect often noticeable in such kind of work; the bit of history or legend, the glimpse of local color, the odd bit of character, the anecdote or story, are, as we have said with a reason, woven into the whole, and not jerkily introduced as if with sudden remembrance of a 'good thing' that must be worked in somehow. The Chinaman, the interviewer, the engineer, the *nouveau riche*, the cobbler, the 'greaser'—everybody, in short, except a ranchman,—falls into line with a gentle precision that makes the whole a pleasant story, none the less interesting for being quiet, and none the less effective that its tragedy is not too much dwelt upon. It is too long, being over given, not so much to analysis, as to the kind of description which insists upon your knowing what sort of upper lip each person has who is introduced, and which begins many a long paragraph or page with 'Maurice Galbraith was one of the men, who' etc. But the description is so good, often so clever, that one does not tire of it. We cannot resist quoting one little bit: 'The heavy folds of rich blue brocade stood out from the poor little figure, whose emaciated lines its rich fabric refused to indicate.' The quotation suggests to us one of the most pleasing features of the story: its genuine, womanly, tender, feeling. We cannot be too grateful to an author who does not try to be 'bright.' We do not in the least mean that the author of 'San Rosario' is *not* bright; for the book is full of delicate brightness, if we may so distinguish airy, genuine mirth from 'smartness'; but we mean that the author has not tried to be 'funny,' has chosen indeed to pass by many an opportunity for the ridicule that might tempt a smile of enjoyment from the reader, and has hardly done anything better of its kind than the sympathetic delineation of the Shallops.

The book has given us genuine pleasure. It betrays the literary and artistic sense, better still, the literary and artistic conscience. Its 'touches' remain with us longer than its plot; its minor characters have impressed us more than either the hero or the heroine; but it is a book to be read with a quiet satisfaction that will not skip any of the chapters, however rambling.

#### Thoreau's "Summer."\*

THIS is a companion volume to the 'Early Spring in Massachusetts,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. added, a year or two ago, to their list of Thoreau's Works. There is hardly a line in it that could have been written by

\* Summer: From the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

another hand than that of the Hermit of Walden Pond. It has its full share of the clearness and coldness that mark his style in the books published under his own supervision; while the natural abruptness of his manner is emphasized by the form in which the matter is cast—the diary form. But there is also the charm which we always find in Thoreau's writings—the sincerity, the earnestness, the occasional felicity of expression, the rare outbursts of eloquence inspired by sights and sounds unnoted by the ordinary eye and ear, but full of significance to one who was not only a naturalist but a poet. Descriptions of New England landscapes, and of natural objects in and around Concord, form the staple of the book; but to these are added the journalist's own observations—sometimes obviously *apropos*, again apparently far-fetched. Of the former class is this extract from a passage describing a fog in which Thoreau started for Nashawtuck, one June morning in 1853: 'Men will go further and pay more to see a tawdry picture on canvas, a poor, painted scene, than to behold the fairest or grandest scene that nature ever displays in their immediate vicinity, although they may never have seen it in their lives.' Of the latter class are the following sentences from the entry of July 9th, 1840—a day when the keeper of the journal seems to have made no entry of a more personal nature: 'The value of many traits in Grecian history depends not so much on their importance as history, as on the readiness with which they accept a wide interpretation, and illustrate the poetry and ethics of mankind. . . . The Greeks were boys in the sunshine; the Romans were men in the field; the Persians, women in the house; the Egyptians, old men in the dark. He who receives an injury is an accomplice of the wrongdoer.' The chief interest of this volume, as indeed, of all that Thoreau has given us, lies to our thinking in these pertinent or impertinent observations, which reveal the man himself as clearly as his notebooks disclose the peculiarities of the birds and animals he was in the habit of studying. The tone of his writings is, on the whole, slightly depressing. He seems always to be 'whistling to keep his courage up'—forcing himself to appear hopeful and full of heart, when really his condition is quite the reverse. He was a sad man, and a lonely one, or he never could have written, among other passages of the same purport, the following, which occurs here under date of June 11th, 1855: 'What if I feel a yearning to which no breast answers. I walk alone. My heart is full. Feelings impede the current of my thoughts. I knock on the earth for my friend. I expect to meet him at every turn, but no friend appears, and perhaps none is dreaming of me. I am tired of frivolous society in which silence is forever the most natural and the best manners. I would fain walk on the deep waters, but my companions will walk only on shallows and puddles. I am naturally silent in the midst of twenty persons, from day to day, from year to year. I am rarely reminded of their presence.'

#### An Average Novel.\*

THREE things may justly be said in praise of Mr. Grant's new story: he has given a very clever little simile for the youths and maidens that appear suddenly in pairs on the rocks of Mt. Desert, when the steamer gives its note of warning; he has entered fairly well into the deeds and motives of ward politicians; and he has given his book an admirable title. The average man or woman has always been a favorite with our best novelists. George Eliot said she would not, if she could, be the 'clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets' of average human life. But when we have said this, we have said all, and it hardly seems worth while to write a novel for the sake of a simile, or to choose a good title for what does not justify its name. For Mr. Grant's 'average' men and women are not by any means George Eliot's 'real,

\*An Average Man. By Robert Grant. \$1.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

living, breathing men and women, among whom your life is passed, whom it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love; the dull, stupid, inconsistent people, for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience. They are either perfectly good, happy, and self-satisfied people, such as Remington and Dorothy, whom there is not the slightest need of your pitying; or villains dyed in the wool, for whom it would be quite useless to entertain any hope; or politicians with whom you ought not to have any patience. What they all say and do and think about is perhaps in one sense extraordinary; from the novel remark of one young lady—'I wish ma had lived; I miss her dreadfully at times'—to the dreamy questionings of another, of whom we expect great things on hearing that 'her mental glance sped, with the swiftness common to woman, wide over the field of human speculation,' only to find, however, that she was struggling to decide 'what relation there was between the strange yearnings with which she thrilled at times, and the bustling world that roared about her on every side.' It may be added that Mr. Grant's 'roaring world' roars us as gently as a sucking dove, though some of the pages on Wall Street speculation are a little better than his 'average.'

It is almost ludicrous to find the inevitable domestic tragedy appearing at the close; though the discouraged critic reflects with a smile that if he has a heap of novels on one side full of domestic misery, he has a heap of biographies on the other full of the sweetest domestic happiness, and that the next generation will be more likely to read the biographies than the novels. Mr. Grant's domestic tragedy, however, fails to impress one as tragedy because of the difficulty we have noted in calling attention to his story from month to month as a serial: the difficulty of deciding whether, after all, Mr. Grant does not intend a burlesque of commonplaceness in making the greater proportion of his scenes so ridiculously dull as to be almost enjoyable. Thus, for instance, there are signs of a tragic interview between two people who ought not to love each other but who do; all, however, that the gentleman wildly in love with another man's wife says to her, as he takes her hand and gazes into her face, is 'How do you do to-day?' while all that the lady who has been thirsting for his companionship as 'the parched soil thirsts for the rain-cloud,' says to him, is that she is sorry to see that the Democrats have nominated Mr. Finchly! It is true that such simple remarks may be charged with underlying passion in real life; but in the novel they are not. It is so hard to feel anything but amusement over Mr. Grant's naughty lovers, that one is tempted to believe he had a high moral purpose in his mediocrity, and intended to reform people who would not mind being blamed but who would hate awfully to be laughed at, by showing them what exceedingly 'average' men and women their souls were thirsting for as the parched soil thirsts for the rain-cloud. Just, however, as we are quite sure that he shares Dr. Holmes's opinion of a young lady who responds to humor, fault-finding, or romance, by merely saying 'yes?' with the rising inflection, something betrays that Mr. Grant really regards her with immense seriousness, and considers her entirely charming. Really, we are afraid that, not meaning to be as funny as he could, Mr. Grant's serious monotony must be pronounced fatally unattractive.

#### A Life of Marcus Aurelius.\*

FOR the first time we have a creditable life of Marcus Aurelius in English. It comes from a young man, a recent graduate, and now a student of law, at Harvard. Mr. Watson has evidently not written with a mere book-making purpose in view, but for the reason that he saw what was admirable and great in his subject. His independent inquiries lead him to express his own opinions, and to give

good reasons for differing from other writers. A full and interesting account is given of the early life of Marcus Aurelius, the training he received, his period of probation as a ruler, his reforms and liberality as Emperor, his methods of strengthening Rome and making justice more real and perfect, and his wars with the enemies of the empire. This portion of the book is all that could be desired, and it is of such high merit as a piece of historical writing that the work has won deserved praise and success. It is one of the most notable books of the year, and shows skill, industry and large judgment.

When the author comes to treat of the larger phases of his subject, he does not show the same ability. His work would have gained greatly as a historic study had he been able to give an adequate account of the relations of Marcus Aurelius to Stoicism. What was it in that philosophy which made this good and great man the noble ruler he was? Why was not that philosophy capable of moving all men to a higher life? These are questions which are not answered; and there is not even such an account of the writings of Marcus Aurelius as ought to have been given in a work of the pretensions of this Life. A full and careful analysis of the teachings of the Emperor, with a statement of how far he made them the practical guides of his life as the ruler of Rome, would have been of the greatest value in rounding out the thought of the work. The study of the relations of Marcus Aurelius to Christianity is weak, giving quite too much importance to the minor phases of the subject, and especially failing as an analysis of Christianity in its influence as a spiritual and moral revolution. The author might have shown us what there was in the attitude of mind fostered in Marcus Aurelius by Stoicism, which made it nearly impossible for him to appreciate or to understand Christianity. His study of the various Christian sects has little bearing on the subject, and it is in no degree helpful in reaching a just conclusion about the differences between the philosophy and the religion as forces acting on the minds and hearts of men. Yet to most readers these will seem to be minor phases of the subject, and they will be quite willing to overlook such defects in view of the real ability and promise of the work. It is a credit to American scholarship, and gives us good hope that our younger men are to turn their thoughts to strong and earnest work, grappling with large and worthy subjects. The publishers' part of the book is creditable in every way.

#### "The Franco-American Cookery Book."\*

SO IMPOSING a volume as the Franco-American Cookery Book by Felix J. D  li   (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will be sure to attract the attention of the public. It contains bills-of-fare for three hundred and sixty-five dinners for eight persons, which, in spite of the author's assurance that 'not one is eccentric or expensive,' will be considered, by practical housekeepers, far too elaborate for an ordinary family. Minute directions are given for preparing the different dishes, but some of the ingredients used are unknown to all but professional cooks, and most of the processes are far too difficult for an amateur to attempt. A receipt will be found, here and there, which can be followed by any one, and some of the vegetable soups and salads are especially valuable, but aside from these there is little which will commend the book to any but the stewards of large establishments, for whom it is intended, and among whom M. D  li   has become famous as the *chef de cuisine* of two or three New York clubs, whose members are *bons vivants*. The preface states that 'the Sunday dinners are rather more elaborate than the others, with a different ice for each. There are, besides, six fasting dinners for the Lenten season, and a fasting soup for every Friday in the year—a feature which must especially recommend the book to religious orders.' Far be it from THE CRITIC to speak disparagingly of so devout a book! Let

\* Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. By Paul Barron Watson. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* The Franco-American Cookery Book. By Felix J. D  li  . \$4. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



us turn at once to these Lenten dinners. Fortunately, four of them are indicated in the index, otherwise it might be difficult to select them. Here is the bill-of-fare for the first: 'Soup: purée of Jerusalem artichokes. [This, certainly, is very appropriate.] Turban of filets of sole, with oysters; potatoes à la villageoise; vol-au-vent à la Macedoine; croquettes of semoule; darne [the final e saves the dish from being unsuited to religious orders] of salmon, tartar sauce; celery in glass; pudding à la Humboldt.' The fasting soups will also be highly appreciated by all right-minded persons, especially the one which contains fifty oysters, two quarts of beef-broth, tomatoes, okras, peppers, rice, ham, onions, butter, etc. Did the prophetic soul of quaint Robert Herrick foresee M. Déliée's Lenten dinners when he wrote, three hundred years ago,

Is this a fast—to keep  
The larder lean  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

#### Minor Notices.

Who was it that invented the happy maxim: 'Guerre aux châteaux, paix aux chaumières?' However that may be, may it not be said that the indefatigable pedagogue transmogrifies the maxim and reads: 'Guerre aux chaumières, paix aux châteaux?' His war on ignorance and ignoramuses, whether in *chaumières* or in *châteaux*, is instant and incessant, and there is never a nook or a cranny left unswept and ungarnished by his pedagogic broom. Mr. F. A. Blackburn ('The Essentials of Latin Grammar,' Ginn, Heath & Co.) belongs to this vanguard of the School Militant and ultimately (we hope) School Triumphant, whose artillery is ever discharging through the educational press, and whose dire and determined purpose it is to improve methods, promulgate new theories, and give us better texts-books, cost what they will. His little book will be by no means a tin-soldier in this gallant fight. It is thoughtful, well-arranged, and full, without being superabundant in its rules and regulations. When will teachers learn that you must no more overwhelm a beginner in languages than you would overwhelm a Biddy or a François with innumerable directions at the start, whether the start be a linguistic or a culinary one? Mr. Blackburn passes over needless definitions, uses studied conciseness of statement, and by an ingenious arrangement of type suggests what must be absolutely memorized and what may be more leniently regarded by the self-indulgent pupil. It is hardly fair of him, however, to make Roby the quarry for his 'Roba di Roma,' and cull his examples from another's storehouse. Roby's Latin Grammar is fast becoming the Bon Marché from which every new grammarian bedizens himself with scraps of Roman finery.

A NEW edition of Stanley's 'Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church' has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. A work so long and so favorably known needs no word of praise at this time, and yet it would be very easy to praise this book. Stanley writes with such grace and ease, he makes ecclesiastical history so full of interest, that he can be read only with delight. His three introductory lectures on the province of ecclesiastical history make the field of his studies seem to be one of promise, though the wretched disputes and deeds of that history look very arid and unpromising without his eloquence to commend them to us. Six lectures are devoted to the history of the great division in the Church, and to the building up of the Eastern Church. Then follow lectures on Athanasius and Mohammedanism, the course concluding

with four on the Russian Church. Two of the most interesting lectures in the book are those on the Patriarch Nikon and the reformation in the Russian Church, and that on Peter the Great and the modern church of Russia. The present edition is in every way excellent.

MR. OSCAR FAY ADAMS has lost no time in following up the success achieved by his 'Brief Handbook of English Authors.' His present work—which differs in title from the earlier one by the substitution of the word American for the word English—is a biographical and bibliographical dictionary in little, containing accurate though meagre information about some 1800 writers, dead and living, great and small, whose names are more or less familiar to the reader of the present day. The compiler's comments are, as a rule, fair and judicious, showing a cultivated taste where the criticism is at first hand, and an intelligent discrimination where the opinion is not derived from original sources. Much credit is due to Mr. Adams for bringing his data down to the very month that his book appeared. The information is of the latest. A noteworthy omission—where omissions are so rare—is that of Prof. Charles A. Young, the astronomer.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has compiled an excellent little book to which he has given the title of 'Chapters in Popular Natural History.' (Whittaker.) It is largely taken from his lectures on natural history, and from his other published works. It seems to have been designed as a reading-book for schools, being published at the request of the Natural History Society of Great Britain. The subjects treated are ants, bees and wasps, the colors of animals, flowers and insects, plants and insects, and fruits and seeds. Many of the author's experiments are described in a charming manner, always full of interest. The book is well calculated to give young people an idea of the simpler theories held by naturalists in regard to the process of evolution as it is going on about us in the natural world.

#### Ruskin's Titles.

##### TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

THERE are no doubt thousands of dabblers in Ruskin's books, and thousands who have not dabbled in them, who are puzzled by their fantastic and apparently meaningless titles. Everybody talks about books, but few read them. In the case of Mr. Ruskin, even an ordinarily wide-awake reader might go all through one of his quaintly named volumes, and yet miss the significance of the title. For often he throws out the hints of his meaning in an unexpected place and in a casual way—as much as to say: 'I know my careful readers will note this, and draw my meaning from it. As for others, it matters little whether they understand my poetical symbols and tropes, my inner, mystical meanings, or not; all they want is a pretty phrase, and that I have given them.' To some of his titles he gives you no clew at all, but leaves you to draw your own conclusions about them. For example, 'Ariadne Florentina'—lectures on wood and metal-engraving, with especial reference to Sandro Botticelli of Florence. 'The Florentine Ariadne'—that is to say, the guide or clew, leading you safely through the labyrinth of Florentine engraving. But with so profound a student of Greek myths as Ruskin, always be on the alert for deeper symbolism than appears on the surface. The higher meaning here glanced at, and gleaming obscurely through the superficial one, is this: as Ariadne is represented in Greek sculpture with the clew in her hand with which she guided Theseus through the labyrinth, and as she thereby becomes the emblem of immortality, the symbol of consolation, one who guides the soul through the winding labyrinth of life and leads it on to a brighter existence; so, it is hoped, this book will be a guide for you into nobler and higher life of thought and action.

Take another title, Greek in origin: 'The Crown of Wild Olive.' It covers three lectures, severally, on work, traffic and war. The idea is that the end or object of traffic, toil, and battle, is peace, symbolized by the crown of olive-leaves, cool to the tired brow. The Greeks knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it the reward of conquest—peace, and leisure to cultivate the virtues and arts of quiet life.—'Aratra Pentelici' (Ploughs of Pentelicus), lectures on the elements of sculpture, and therefore necessarily about Greek sculpture and Pentelican marble. Ruskin considers the ploughshare to be not only a noble work of art (noble in its uses), but a fine burin for cutting the furrows of an exquisite earth-engraving on the hill-side. The plough of the sculptor is the chisel.—Sometimes our author is hard put to it to get a title out of Greek mythology. Here, for example, is a book of geological studies. We will name it 'Deucalion,' after the Greek Noah, famous for his magical performances with 'the great bones of his parent,' as the oracle called the rocks of earth. And our treatise on flowers shall be named 'Prosperpina,' after her who, frightened, let fall the flowers from Dis's wagon.—Would anybody but Ruskin have imagined a connection between an eagle's nest and the relation of natural science to art? The argument of 'The Eagle's Nest' is that the artist should beware of the baleful effect of an exact science—anatomy for example—on his handling of a subject. It is his business to see things as they appear on their exterior surfaces. The study of anatomy almost ruined the work of Durer and Angelo; yet it was precisely this anatomical science of which they were proudest. 'Men are almost always conceited of the meanest science,' says Ruskin; and then he quotes William Blake:

Doth the eagle know what is in the pit,  
Or wilt thou go ask the mole?

That is, the glory of the higher creatures is in ignorance of the knowledge of the lower. The eagle, who

Clasps the crag, with hooked hands,  
Close to the sun, in lonely lands,

may well disdain knowledge of the blind ways of the four-handed mole. The king of birds builds his nest by instinct and not by a knowledge of the laws of architecture. This is, I believe, the true meaning of Ruskin's title, the only clew given being the quotation from Blake.

'The Two Paths' is a caption having respect to one of the cardinal doctrines of the author of 'Modern Painters.' There is a path that leads to a divine and perfect art: it is that of loving and accurate study of nature. Another path leads only to death: it is that of all the tricksters and subjectivists in art, who forsake nature for the vain and pernicious conceits of their own minds.—Mr. Ruskin's poetical titles serve him a very useful purpose when he wants to lump his materials. For instance: you have a lecture on books and reading, and another on young ladies: just head them 'Sesame and Lilies' and you have a book of them. 'Sesame.' Why sesame? The sub-heading is 'King's Treasures.' Thinkers, the great authors, are the real kings, and their fertilizing thought, treasured in books, may be symbolized by the seed of a plant (sesame), laid up in granaries, whence it is from time to time drawn out for use.—What an exquisite poem is the title of Ruskin's studies of birds—'Love's Meinie (Love's Retinue)—reminding one of Sappho's sweet and passionate hymn to dove-drawn Aphrodite (a poem untranslatable in all its beauty), or Longfellow's 'Birds of Killingworth':

How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

Ruskin's second work on political economy, 'Munera Pulveris,' is a collection of definitions and first principles relating mainly to the distribution of wealth. The title, which, in its disconnection from its context in Horace, may be translated 'The Gifts of the Dust,' is used, I believe, simply as a synonym for wealth, with no deeper ulterior meaning.

The words 'Munera Pulveris' are taken from the first stanza of the twenty-eighth Ode of Horace:

Te Maris et Terræ Numeroque carentis arenæ  
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,  
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum Munera.'

The lines are thus translated by Sir Theodore Martin:

'Thee, O Archytas, who hast scanned  
The wonders of the world by sea and land,  
The lack of some few grains  
Of scattered dust detains  
A shivering phantom here upon Matinum's strand.'

BELMONT, MASS.

W. S. KENNEDY.

### Vertumnus.

I TOOK a day, and sought for him  
Through bosky aisles untracked and dim,  
Through cultured field and orchard sweet:—  
Did I o'ertake his flying feet?

Once, as I crossed a sylvan glade,  
My step the green-brier would have stayed,  
The violet looked as it would speak,  
And the wild-service, white and meek,  
Against my face its coolness laid;  
And once the dew on bended blade  
Turned towards the sun a sparkling eye,  
As flushed and eager I sped by.

As I sped by, as I sped by,—  
And fervid noon was in the sky,  
And sickles rested on the swath,—  
One bearded stalk awoke from sloth,  
And lightly swayed it to and fro  
Till all its fellows swayed arow,  
And where no breathed sound had been  
Went bickering whispers fine and thin.

As I ran on, as I ran on,—  
Some boughs grown bright and some grown wan,  
And creeping leafy fires wide spread,—  
All suddenly the hazel shed  
Before my feet its umbered mast,  
The oak a shower of acorns cast,  
The vine swung low its clusters blue,  
The star-flower elvish glances threw.

Morn was when I the chase began,  
Close on the evening-bound I ran;  
And, counting but a rounded day,  
Lo! seasons three had slipped away.  
An hundred times the clew I missed,  
Too rapt to pause, to look, and list,—  
An hundred times, unweeting, trod  
Straight past the merry masking god.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### The Lounger

THE *Tribune* announces a series of 'Social Silhouettes' by Edgar Fawcett, to be published in its Sunday edition, beginning to-morrow. Mr. Fawcett, the editor informs us, possesses 'powers of keen perception and satirical treatment,' which he has brought to bear, with marvellous results, upon these 'brilliant studies of New York society.' The 'silhouettes' are 'suggestive and fascinating'; 'the startling truth and force of the drawing of certain New York types will be apparent to the most careless observer'; while beneath the broad, deep stream of Rabelaisian satire, will be found 'a refreshing undercurrent of manly common-sense, with a wholesome scorn of snobbery and social cant.' Let us hope that the editor of the *Tribune* may never get a Thackeray or a Dickens to write for his paper. After the above draft upon the vocabulary of praise, there would be nothing left for it but to pronounce the new comer 'a second Fawcett'—an endorsement which might be felt to lack just a little of 'perfect preciousness!'



GLANCING through 'Philip' the other day, I was amused by one of Dr. Firmin's letters to his son, after that worthy physician had left his country for his country's good and taken up his residence in this city. The letter is a long one, and the writer has had the shrewdness to date it from the Astor House, a caravansary of more importance in Thackeray's day than in ours. The Doctor burdens his son with some excellent advice, or what he would like the young man to accept as such, and then lays before him a flattering offer from 'my friend the editor of the new journal, called here *The Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand*,' who desires to engage the services, as correspondent, of the brilliant sub-editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. What amused me was the similarity of Philip's experience to that of Thackeray himself. The great novelist, then at the beginning of his career, was engaged—as readers of recent numbers of *THE CRITIC* will remember—by one of the editors of *The Corsair*—a writer who gave currency to the phrase 'the upper ten thousand'—to supply that paper with a regular letter from abroad; and in congratulating his fellow-editor of *The Corsair* upon his capture of the author of 'The Yellowplush Papers,' Mr. Willis employed pretty much the same terms that Dr. Firmin used in commending his son to his friend Dr. Geraldine. I hope, however, that the experiences of Thackeray and young Firmin were not parallel throughout; for when the correspondent of *The Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* was about to draw upon Dr. Geraldine for the amount due for his letters, he found that he had been forestalled in the matter by his father! He received this pleasant intelligence from that gentleman himself, who added, in a postscript to his note: 'What a comfort to me it is to think that I have procured this place for you, and have been enabled to help my son and his young family!'

FEW persons knew that Charles Fenno Hoffman was alive until they heard that he was dead—if I may be allowed the Hibernicism. A man born in 1806 may naturally enough be thought to be dead in 1884, if he has not been heard of for a number of years. A generation ago Hoffman was a favorite song-writer, but we seldom see any of his numerous volumes of poetry to-day except in second-hand book-stores. Perhaps by no one was he more thoroughly forgotten than by himself. The poor man's mind was gone, and he died in a lunatic asylum. When spoken to a short time before his death about his once popular novel, 'Arthur Grayslaer,' he sadly shook his head. It had passed from his memory—as it has from mine.

### Pithom and Zoan.

#### TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

Although Pithom or Pi-Tum is without shadow of question 'the West' or Fayoum, Mr. Poole writes in a late number of *The Academy* that Dr. Brugsch has given his assent to the theory exposed in a former number of *THE CRITIC*, and that it has therefore 'finally passed from the domain of controversy into that of established fact.' But Mr. Poole even in 256 words is wholly unable to answer any of the objections which have been made by me, or give any clew to the sudden conversion of Dr. Brugsch, who has adopted this novel theory, 'little caring for the modification of his own views,' and equally indifferent, it would seem, to the students and scholars who have treated his address before the Oriental Congress of London as a mature, although wholly erroneous, expression of the opinion of a very learned Egyptologist. His Exodus-route supposed that the Children of Israel marched (like the King of France) up the Serbonian Bog in order to march back again. It has been ignored or rejected by every competent critic. There is an audacity about the Egypt Exploration Fund which is very terrifying, and a reckless disregard of accuracy. The society constantly talks of an Exodus City and the Exodus-route. But the 'enclosed place' mentioned in the first chapter of the Life of Moses (before he was born) is not mentioned again, and there is not the very slightest ground for putting it at Raamses, which,—as On, the burial-place of Joseph, or Ra-Heliopolis,—was always believed to have been near the 'gathering place,' or Succoth, of the Hebrew clansmen. Since last July I have constantly repeated the warning that the traditional site of Pithom cannot be 'discovered' because it has never been lost, and to refer to the well

settled opinion and concurrent testimony of the Arabs and the Jews. The error will run its course. Another geographical blunder, however, is being perpetuated under the title of 'Excavations at Zoan.' Mr. Petrie is digging at San or Tanis. It has never been called Zoan by Jew, Greek or Arab. Zoan is another name for that part of Memphis which has for many centuries been termed Old Cairo. It was the enclosed or fortified residence of Pharaoh, in the days of Hezekiah (Is. ix., 2), built seven years after Hebron (Numb. xiii., 22), and the land of Zoan was thus equivalent to the land of Mizraim. Masr in our own day is either Egypt or Cairo. Dr. Holmes has written a characteristic letter which will hatch many a subscription for the Fund. 'My guinea hen,' he says, 'does not lay as many golden eggs as more prolific fowls, but one of them is at its service to hatch a spade for Zoan.' It would take many a spade to dig from San-Tanis to Zoan-Cairo. It must be remembered that there has never been any public discussion of these questions. The very small number of persons who claim to exercise any influence in the literary world and are officers of this society close every avenue, and treat as a personal matter the suggestion of a doubt. They have the control in England of the London *Academy* and the London *Times*. *The Academy* is the natural arena for this controversy. It is the organ of the Fund. The mysterious 'we' of that valuable paper shelters a personal acquaintance who discharges his difficult task with admirable success. We once walked as friends in Chancery Lane. We took sweet counsel together and buried Berosus, priest of Bel, and the 'genesis' of the word 'beginning' (beresith) became the exodus of the person whose biography figures at length in the Encycl. Brit. (July 19, 1882). The flight of fancy which gives to the Holy Family a donkey instead of a boat as a conveyance from Jaffa to Heliopolis, and back to Cæsarea from Egypt to the land of Israel, was also soberly reduced to fact on June 2, 1883. But in an evil moment, on July 9, in 'Pithom, Fayoum, Moeris,' I put the question: 'Should a truly catholic tradition, taught in Calcutta and Cairo, in Rome and in Oxford, in the mosques of Mecca and the synagogues of Prague, be exchanged for "a granite hawk and a squatting statue?"' The door of *The Academy* swung to with a bang (July 21). Mr. R. S. Poole wrote 'No admittance here.' Niobe herself wept in vain; and not only has 'Moeris' lost immortality, and the biography under the Hebrew-Assyrian word Berosus retained its place, but in the interests of a Pithom-Maschuta and a Zoan-Tanis, the Egypt Exploration Fund has consigned me to the Bastille, 'pour encourager les autres.' The place which knew me once shall know me no more forever, unless I do penance in a yellow guinea, with Tanis dust on my brow, and promise to accept, every twelvemonth, a new Exodus-route, city of Raamses, and land of Zoan, with 'the usual frankness' (cynicism?) of Dr. Brugsch, M. Naville and Mr. R. S. Poole, 'little caring for the modification of my own views, but rejoicing in the success' of any Dr. Faustus, who will lead the public up, down, and across the Desert, the Delta, Lake Sirbonis and the Natron Valley, to 'discover' what was never lost, and establish as a fact the 'latest views' of a learned but most untrustworthy master. I shall not go to Canosa. Rather let Piron's epitaph be mine:

Ci git qui ne fut rien, pas même Académicien.

F. COPE WHITEHOUSE.

### The Wolfe Expedition to Babylonia.

THE success of the American expedition to Assos encourages us to hope that an expedition of a slightly different kind, arrangements for which are now making, will produce results, less brilliant it may be, but of solid worth to archæology. At the suggestion of some of our Oriental scholars, it has been determined to send an American party of survey and exploration to certain districts of Babylonia, which as yet are very imperfectly known. The expedition

will be under the auspices of the American Archæological Institute, and the expense will be borne entirely by one well-known lady, Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, of this city. It is expected that the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., than whom no man could be more competent for work in this particular field, will head the party, and he will probably have as his companions Messrs. Sterrett and Clark, late of the Assos expedition. The object of the present expedition will be, not so much excavation, and the recovery of inscriptions or works of art, as an examination of the ground, with an especial view to accurate topographical knowledge, and a determining of spots where digging might be expected to yield good results. It is also hoped that photographs and drawings of value will be brought back. The party will start in the autumn and be absent some six months. It will go as the Wolfe Exploring Expedition to Babylonia.

### The Original Americans.

[From *The Spectator*.]

PROFESSOR REVILLE, who delivered the Hibbert Lectures this year, has an exceptional power of condensing, and, so to speak, clarifying masses of information; and his discourses, considered as sketches of the ancient American civilizations, were exceedingly instructive. There are passages in them, especially the references to the hieratic systems and ancient creeds absorbed and superseded by the priesthoods of Mexico and Peru, whom the Spaniards found in possession of power, which, if not novel to experts in the subject, are new to more general students, and of this we would gladly hear much more. But the main intellectual interest of his argument, which was a little choked and concealed by his wealth of illustration, rests upon the immense assumption contained in his first lecture, which, he will perhaps pardon us for saying, requires a great deal of proof before it is finally accepted. M. Reville says, very truly, that as nothing would interest students of physics like intimate acquaintance with another planet, with its obviously original physical conditions, so nothing should more interest the student of the laws of mind. If he found among sentient beings in Mars that ideas had sprung up akin to those which have arisen among men on earth—identical superstitions, similar religions, cognate views of the supernatural—he would be forced to the conclusion that such ideas were not self-derived fancies, but were results, natural or even inevitable products, of certain given conditions. Creeds would be shown to be growths, not inventions,—growths so natural and inevitable that the observer, knowing the conditions and the people, would almost be able to predict the leading characteristics of their faiths. If we were about to discuss that matter, we should not accept that statement as fully true; for it leaves out of sight the possibility that in both planets a few ideas may have been revealed and not have grown, and may have, by their overmastering force, produced a similarity which otherwise would not exist. If in Terra and Mars both, the idea of forgiving your enemies has been revealed and has mastered the more natural notion of vengeance, there will be in Mars as well as Terra an identity of religious conception as to duty in that matter, and consequently of observances intended to teach that duty, which otherwise could not exist. The idea is, however, sufficiently true and complete to serve as a basis for argument; and M. Reville proceeds to say that in America we have this separate planet, and that therefore the self-derived American creeds, the ancient creeds of the continent, can teach us even more of the laws in obedience to which creeds grow, than the better known faiths of Europe and Asia. They are not borrowed results, but results which have come independently of any teaching from outside, and which must therefore be in some sense inevitable results. The human mind grows them wherever it is, and does not purchase, or steal, or borrow them. Granting the assumption that America is so separate as to be, for purposes of intellectual investigation, in the position of a new planet, that is a most interesting argument, and would justify severe and protracted investigation into the ancient American mind. But then, is that assumption true? Have we enough evidence to justify us in using so startling a theory, even provisionally, as a basis upon which we are to expend time and labor in pursuing an inquiry which after all may lead us nowhere? It is possible, of course, in the absence of knowledge, that the native Americans are autochthones,—that is, that wherever they came from, they were at one time in America so savage, so idealess, so nearly animals, that all their subsequent gains must be held to have been self-derived. It is also possible that they never possessed

and, therefore, never lost the power of communicating with other races—as it is almost beyond doubt the Hindoos and the Maoris possessed and lost it; that they were never visited by foreigners, or that, if so visited, they derived from those foreigners nothing which survived. All that is possible; but is it more than possible, or even possible enough to be accepted as provisionally true? The evidence we as yet possess is thin, but the little we have of it points rather the other way. Navigators have shown that vessels from farther Asia might drift to the coast of America, under certain conditions, with living people on board. Astronomers are puzzled by certain similarities in Asia and America in describing, for instance, the signs of the zodiac, which hardly suggest the studies of two sets of astronomers. It is scarcely possible to look at the ruins scattered over Yucatan without believing them to be of Asiatic workmanship, or, at all events, influenced by recollections of Asiatic workmanship, even if the celebrated 'elephant's trunk,' which some observers see carved on a ruin in Uxmal should be an accident, or an idea derived from the discovery by Indians of a buried mastodon, or possibly from tradition of the mastodon, as the latest traveller, Mr. F. A. Ober who is disposed to assign extreme antiquity to these remains, recently suggested. Above all, there is the certainty that the civilized Indians, aware in some unaccountable way of their own escape from savagery, which so many nations have forgotten, with one consent ascribe their civilization to more or less miraculous strangers, who visited them, taught them, gave them order and ideas, and then went up to heaven. That tradition, which is universal, and so undisputed that it facilitated Spanish conquests, is surely a very strange one to spring up among unvisited autochthones,—who, moreover, we know as absolute matter of fact, were visited from the external world. It is as certain that Vikings from Iceland reached the shores of America, as that they reached the shores of Scotland; or, to take a better illustration, as certain as that Brahmins once conquered, taught, and built in the island of Java. M. Reville will not question that Hindoos sailed to, conquered, and civilized Java, or that Hindoos now believe that feat impossible, or that all knowledge of navigation, foreign geography, and ship-building has perished among Hindoos. When we landed in India, they could as easily have conquered the moon as Java, and would have said so, nothing doubting; yet they did conquer Java, and built there temples so vast that even earthquakes, as we saw the other day, only half destroy them. Why should not an incident like that, the marvellous strangeness of which so impresses all students of Javanese antiquities, have happened twice in the history of the world? Is it not a little over-courageous, in the face of such facts, to assume an indigenous American civilization as so fully proved, that it is of itself a grand contribution to the study of the natural religious development of the unaided human mind. That such development is a matter of the highest intellectual interest, we not only concede, but maintain; but it is not made clearer by assuming as data facts so uncertain as the separateness of early American civilization.

And this brings us to the smaller and more concrete object of this paper. Why do Europeans, and especially we English, who spend so much time in ransacking the history of the past, do so little toward the investigation of the early history of America? That work has hardly begun; it is, as M. Reville has pointed out, of extreme interest, not only to the historian and antiquarian, but to the thinker; and yet we do nothing to advance it. We explore Palestine foot by foot, chiefly to discover perfectly useless evidence that the historical portions of the Bible are substantially true,—as if anybody would have invented the Cave of Macphelah; we are deeply and wisely interested in M. Mareotti's researches in Egypt; we explore, after some kind of fashion, the antiquities of India, forgetting in every new decade what we learned in the previous one; and we have measured the clam-mounds in Australia, to see how long fish-eating aborigines have lived on her coast. But we do nothing in America. Why? Because the Spaniards have done so much? They have done much more than is popularly believed in the way of collection, but they have done little compared with what remains to be done. They are not by nature good explorers, being persuaded that the early observers told the truth, which they probably did not; and they have a special difficulty in exploration—the profound distrust with which Indians regard them and their race. It is not they who will discover the Indian city with its still unbroken native civilization of which so many legends tell, and which may yet be found, not indeed alive,—that seems impossible, though the exploration of many Spanish-American states has been most imperfect;—but, like Gour, or Mitla, or the old capital of Cambodia, dead, but undestroyed. Because it is the American's work? If it is, the Americans



perform it very badly. They have settled nothing yet—not even the ages of the ruins they have examined, and are disputing at this moment, whether Mitla, with its monolithic halls, the photographs of which look as old as Stonehenge, is really three thousand years old, or only about three hundred. They do not use the right men as explorers, either. Braver, more patient, or more devoted men do not exist; but they one and all suffer from the American intellectual complaint, the absorption of the brain in America, and the consequent want of the power of comparison. The study needs to be commenced by men saturated with the old culture, and the old experience—*younger Fergussons*, in fact—to whom a sight of Mitla and Uxmal will not be merely an experience, but an experience recalling facts long known. The next man who sees the great temple at Mitla, which almost dazes the spectator with its inexplicable vastness and solidity,—there is a lintel in one chamber, which is a solid block of porphyry, nineteen feet long, which no native power now existing in America could raise to its place, and which no European architect would touch without hydraulic machinery,—ought to have seen both Egypt and India, and to have learned how other early peoples moved other blocks of stone. He ought, too, to know, what we believe no American explorer has ever known, all that the splendid Spanish collections can teach, and all the few and scattered accounts the early *Conquistadores* have left. And, above all, he ought to live among the Indians, to hear what their traditions are, and to excite their confidence in a way never yet attempted. We have a great respect for the last visitor to Mitla, Mr. Ober; but he, finding a mighty monolith in the temple, which, as Indians believe, gives death to all who embrace it, records with pleasure that 'each of our party took particular pains to embrace that pillar most affectionately,' to the horror of the Indians. That is not the spirit of true explorers. Why should not some English society or English millionaire do for Yucatan what has been done for Palestine, and if the secret cannot be torn from the ruins, at least collect the material on which alone investigation can be based? It would be worthy work to waste wealth on, even if we discovered that the American mind had received impacts from outside,—which would be so fatal to M. Reville's charmingly interesting theory.

### Mr. Besant on the Art of Fiction.

[From an Article in *The Spectator*.]

CALL the novelist's art an art if you please, but it is certainly not an art of which you can *teach* even the rudiments. Even Mr. Besant, when he comes to state the most rudimentary condition of the novelist's art,—namely, the power of happily selecting among the details of his story what he shall describe, and of suppressing what he shall not describe,—has to confess freely that, so far as he knows, this cannot be taught. Well, if it cannot be taught, is not this a very reasonable explanation of that of which Mr. Besant makes so much complaint,—that the art of fiction does not get its full recognition as a fine art? One of the commonest meanings assigned to the word 'art' is 'the result of habit regulated by rules;' but by Mr. Besant's own confession, fiction, as a fine art, cannot be reduced, even in its commonest and least noble forms, to 'the result of habit regulated by rules.' Why, then, should he grumble that poetry and fiction are alike regarded as in most respects outside the realm of art, because outside the realm of rule?

Nor can we understand so thoughtful and original a writer as Mr. Besant actually complaining that the art of novel-writing is under-estimated by the mass of mankind, on the extremely insufficient ground that, 'while the leaders in every other branch of art, in every department of science, and in every kind of profession, receive their share of the ordinary national distinctions, no one ever hears of honors being bestowed upon novelists.' In the first place, is it true that the leaders in every branch of science receive their share of national distinctions? We have known a good many great mathematicians, economists, geologists, physicists, physiologists, geographers, astronomers, thinkers generally, none of whom ever received such a distinction; nor till Lord Tennyson took a peerage had we ever heard of a poet, as such, receiving this kind of reward, which seems to us, indeed, one very ill-adapted to the case. As for the professions, none but those which lead through political life,—excepting only the case of a few great medical men who impress their greatness on the bestowers of honors in their weakest moments,—lead to such honors. Perhaps now and then a great engineer, who has conducted some national undertaking to a successful issue, receives the recognition of knighthood,—if that be a recognition at all; but for the most part, every great artist looks to the public recognition of his works as his reward, and

not to any titular reward bestowed upon himself. It is a far greater and more true reward to be universally respected as the author of 'Vanity Fair' or 'The Origin of Species,' than to be known as a knight, a baronet, or a peer. Surely literary men, of all men, ought to feel that the authorship of good literature is its own reward, and that you rather lower than raise yourself by appealing from your reputation as the author of 'Idylls of the King' to your reputation as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, in the county of Surrey, and of Farringford, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Besant, however, thinks that not only the art of fiction is not properly esteemed, but that it is positively looked down upon; and that Thackeray, for instance, was all the less likely to get into Parliament for having written novels of extraordinary power. Perhaps so; and perhaps, too, he was all the more unfit to be of use in Parliament for that very reason. Unquestionably, a really great musician would be all the less useful as a Member of Parliament for being a great musician; and what is wholly true of a most absorbing art like music,—namely, that it paralyzes a man for plain, every-day, common-sense work,—may be partly true of what may perhaps be a somewhat less absorbing art like fiction, though it is often, we suspect, as absorbing as the art of music itself. Should we go to a great poet to choose our horses for us? or to a great astronomer to mend our lamps? So far as we can judge, if Mr. Disraeli had *really* been as great in writing novels as he was in the conception of epigrams, it might have been as serious an objection to him as a statesman, as Mr. Besant thinks that it was a groundless objection, that he wrote novels. 'Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also,' was a true saying which has its worldly as well as its unworldly applications. No one can study Sir Walter Scott's life without seeing that that wonderful imagination of his, with its strange power of revivifying the past, positively led him astray in his judgment of the political present. And if Mr. Disraeli's novels had been great novels,—great in anything but their political and social persiflage,—we do not in the least believe that he would have been even the great party leader that he certainly was. The mind of a great novelist is not, and cannot be, immersed in the prose world of political judgment. Anthony Trollope tells us how he knew every corner of the map of Barseshire,—every corner that was not, as well as every corner that was, introduced into his various novels concerning Barseshire; and Mr. Besant tells us, in one of the best passages of his lecture, that 'unless the characters exist and move about in his [the author's] brain, all separate, distinct, living, and perpetually engaged in the action of the story, sometimes at one part of it, sometimes at another, and that in scenes and places which must be omitted in the writing, he has got no story to tell.' Now can he wonder that people do not think of choosing for Members of Parliament, to represent them and their interests, men whose imaginations are brooding with this intense eagerness, not over the needs of their constituents, but over the imaginary doing of an imaginary population in imaginary scenes, however closely analogous these may be to the real doings of real people in real scenes? For our own parts, we should say that Mr. Trollope himself—one of the most realistic of novelists—was distinctly less trustworthy as a politician for throwing so much of his heart and life as he did into the doings of these, not indeed unreal, but yet non-existent beings. You cannot throw your life ardently into the world of imagination, and yet keep it hard at work at the same time in the world of committees and constituents. Hardly any first-rate painter or sculptor would make even a second-rate Member of Parliament; and hardly any first-rate writer of fiction or poet would make even a third-rate Member of Parliament. Why cannot artists be satisfied with their proper recognition as artists? Why, merely because the members of a few amphibious professions here and there manage to combine professional with social distinctions, must the artist, whose great boast it is to live in an ideal world, think himself aggrieved because he must not expect to get a handle to his name, or to write the mystic letters 'M.P.' after it? Mr. Besant, with some very noble conceptions of his art, is guilty, we think, of lowering it to the level of arts far less imaginative, when he is so anxious that writers of fiction should 'make the best of *both* worlds,'—the world of which they write, and the world in which they gather the materials for their writings.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR. SIR: Will you allow me to point out that the writer of the paper on 'The Art of Fiction' in last Saturday's *Spectator* has very strangely misrepresented my statements and opinions on one or two important points? I said in my lecture that one of the reasons why ordinary people do not look upon fiction as a fine art is the single fact that its followers are not recognized in the way that men of

other callings are recognized,—by receiving national distinctions. I stated this as a fact about which there can be no dispute. I did not say that all successful men in all other callings obtain honors while novelists do not. I simply said, which is true, that no distinctions are awarded to novelists, and I instanced the cases of Dickens and Thackeray. I then, and on the same page, so as to avoid misunderstanding, went on to explain my own personal view of the subject in these words,—‘I do not say they would be any better for this kind of recognition.’ Yet the writer of the article devotes two columns to point out to the readers of *The Spectator*—who are many thousands more in number than the readers of my lecture—how I am ‘grumbling,’ ‘complaining,’ and ‘feeling aggrieved’ at the neglect of literary men in the dispensing of honors. Yet that was absolutely all I had to say upon the point, and I had not one word of ‘complaint’ or of ‘aggrievement’ to make on the matter. Again, I did not profess to teach this art in an hour’s lecture. But I indicated very briefly the lines on which it may be taught. I think that any one who will take the trouble to read my lecture will understand that my whole argument is that stated at the outset. I maintain that fiction is a fine art, governed by general rules like any other art; that these rules can be taught, like those of any other art; and that the teaching breaks down just where that of painting, music, or sculpture breaks down,—at those points, namely, where natural aptitude is required and fails to appear. This is the rudimentary condition of the art, just as an eye for color, form, and drawing—in other words, natural aptitude—is required for the painter’s art.

WALTER BESANT.

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB, SUFFOLK STREET, May 27th.

### Mr. Cable and the Creoles.

[From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

AN attentive and interested listener the other evening at Grunewald Hall, to Cable’s readings from his works, I claim your time and indulgence, to express the feelings experienced on that occasion by one of the few Creoles present.

I am emboldened to do so, because so much regret has been expressed by the papers and Mr. Cable’s friends, at the absence that evening of that class of our population, which he has applied himself to portray above all others. I confess I was carried away by the great talent he displayed. His powers of observation and of delineation, his poetic appreciation and picturing of our Louisiana scenery, his striking representation of the characters he selected for the occasion from among the Americans and the Creoles that are made to live in his writings, charmed me exceedingly. He revealed himself in unexpected brilliancy, surpassing the most favorable estimate I had formed of him, from his personal appearance, and the appreciations I had read of his lectures and writings. I had never read any of his works, and I felt determined to soon make up my neglect.

I left the hall, however, with other emotions also. Feeling proud that the American part of Louisiana’s population had added another celebrity to the many our Creoles had placed on their State’s roll of honor, I felt regretful that Cable should have confined his selections and delineations altogether to the lowest grades of the Creole population. Judging them by the language he places in their mouths, they are what we would call ‘Cadiens,’ ‘Chacas,’ ‘Choupics,’ ‘Patasas,’ Mulattoes, Negroes. I felt that on an occasion so important as that of a first lecture before a New Orleans audience, where he expected to meet a population which unfortunately is being misjudged from his writings, if there exist in his works pages devoted to delineations of the higher types of our Creoles, some of them should have been read. A proper regard for the best class of that population should have led him to place such pages alongside of those he presented, that no stranger should leave his readings believing that he had seen the Creole population depicted in a fair light. That no one should believe, even allowing for poetic licences, that a character such as Narcisse’s, speaking Creole patois only, was a standard among the class of our young Creoles who composed the ‘Louisiana Zouaves,’ or ‘Chasseurs-à-Pied,’ or that of any of the officers of that command were not as high in intelligence, education, morality and manhood, as the best of the American class that served their State at the same time. I acknowledge the truthfulness of the Creole characters as far as he depicts them. I concede that they are vivid, living; that I seem to recognize the individuals; but I protest at such being raised above their proper level, and made to appear as representative types of any other than the class the author has chosen to use for purposes of fiction, or for the market in which he expects the best sale for his works.

I protest at the absence from this first and sole reading in New

Orleans, of any representation of those types of Creole talent, intellect, education, culture and manhood, which are so saliently exemplified by a Charles D. Dreux, an Adolphe Olivier, a Charles Gayarre, and a host of others—men who, though their negro-nurses and servants had lulled them to sleep with Creole melodies such as Cable attempted to chant, and many others never heard of, besides the English language in which they were his equals, possessed the French in a degree to have passed for Frenchmen in Paris itself. Take the history of Louisiana from the days of Audubon down, and the higher types of Creoles challenge any other class or race on its soil to a comparison of intellect, of education, of talent, of patriotism, of devotion to the highest attainments of civilization.

It is not fair, therefore, whether to suit the purposes of the author, or for theatrical or artistic effect, in one whose works are supposed to show the true characteristics of the Creoles of Louisiana, that he should leave impressions on any public that this, the oldest part of our population, appear in their highest types in ‘Jules’ or ‘Narcisse’; that they speak Negro French or Creole patois; that they are ignorant of the English language or literature, or of the French. Whether intentional or not, Cable’s writings have left this impression on the general public North. His reading Thursday evening left this impression on a good many of his hearers, and, if not dispelled, remains a slander upon a population, whose higher types in intelligence, in education, in culture, in refinement, in taste, in tact, in all those delicate attainments and feelings that constitute the acme of enlightenment, still remain, if not the superiors, the equals of any in Louisiana; a class that has been, time and again, extolled by the best judges here and abroad for the qualities above cited; a class who, though not to-day decked with the garish display of parvenu splendor, still retain, in their retirement, all that made the salons and hospitality of our ante-bellum homes and plantations proverbial through the land—that is, modesty, education, benevolence, affability and refinement.

My old negro nurse often repeated to me the following proverbs ‘Ravet jamais gagne raison devant poule,’ and ‘Rende service baille chagrin.’ I may find both of these over true by this outburst of mine; but I have spoken from the fulness of the heart.

A CREOLE WHO ATTENDED CABLE’S READING.

NEW ORLEANS, May 17, 1884.

### Current Criticism

TRANSLATING DANTE:—Some time about the year 1875 a party of friends, thirty or so in number, were dining at a well-known suburban resort. One of them afterward stated that as they were assembling before dinner he had heard a bystander remark: ‘Who are these? They cannot be the Liberal party, they are too many; they cannot be the leaders of the Liberal party, they are too few.’ This remark is capable of infinite adaptation; for example, the speaker might with equal point have said, ‘They cannot be the readers of Dante, they are too many; they cannot be the translators, they are too few.’ It is, indeed, certain that many people (among whom, let us say at once, we do not reckon Mr. Sibbald) sit down with a light heart to translate Dante before they have read him; it is doubtful if many read him thoroughly without yielding to the temptation to translate which no other great poet seems to exercise in so marked a degree. This is probably due in great measure to what Dante himself, in his dedication to Can Grande, calls the ‘polysemous’ character of the poem. Every student thinks he has found new meanings, which it is his duty to explain to the world. Nor would it be right to leave out of account the extraordinary fascination which Dante’s age, with its new birth of thought and action, has always exercised over those for whom the development of mankind has any interest. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if every year sees the publication of one or more attempts to render the ‘Divine Comedy,’ or some portion of it, accessible to English readers; and it is only to be regretted that English readers show themselves as yet for the most part unappreciative of the efforts of their would-be benefactors.—*The Athenæum*.

TRUTH IN FICTION:—Miss Roosevelt, apparently against light and knowledge, persists in telling us in her Preface that the story of ‘Stage Struck’ is true, and that she has written it in the hope of advancing the interests of her countrywomen, and preventing them from coming to Europe to study for the opera. In vain, in vain, it would seem, does the well-intentioned critic represent to novel-writers that it is a matter of the profoundest indifference whether a story is true or not, providing it be good, and that the most praiseworthy purpose in the world will not



save it if it is bad. Miss Roosevelt's story is not particularly bad, it is scarcely even bad at all. But this dreadful Preface haunts the reader throughout. Annabel Almont might interest him, as a novel heroine, till it suddenly flashes across him that she is not a novel heroine at all, but a sort of 'Unhappy Eliza' to adopt Salvation Army phraseology, who is produced on the platform as an awful example to intending prima donnas of American birth. He might now and then be disposed to think that Miss Roosevelt has imagined a happy situation, or told a neat story; but Miss Roosevelt's voice sounds austere in his ear, 'I knew Annabel,' and she becomes simply a reporter handing in intelligence respecting the painful fate of a promising young singer. Of course, if the book were really one of unmistakable power, the Preface would be very soon forgotten, but it is not.—*George Saintsbury in the Academy.*

**CRITICAL HONEY:**—*The Studio*, a weekly journal devoted to art, has become the property of Mr. Clarence Cook, who assumes the direction. There is need for a journal of the aim of *The Studio*, and we believe that under Mr. Cook the paper will prosper and do good; but if we might offer a bit of advice, it would be to remember that honey goes further than vinegar, and that criticism to be effective must be instructive, not demolishing. The artists are not very likely to pay much attention to any criticism, and can only be reached, as a general thing, by educating the public taste and thus compelling them to conform to a higher standard. There will always be a number of persons ready to see the faults in any work of art for one who can find its virtues, and to make the latter easier is the true use of the critic.—*The Evening Post.*

**JOHN MORLEY ON EMERSON'S SCHOLARSHIP:**—Though Emerson was always urgent for 'the soul of the world, clean from all vestige of tradition,' yet his work is full of literature. He at least lends no support to the comforting fallacy of the indolent, that originating power does not go with assimilating power. Few thinkers on his level display such breadth of literary reference. Unlike Wordsworth, who was content with a few tattered volumes on a kitchen shelf, Emerson worked among books. When he was a boy he found a volume of Montaigne, and he never forgot the delight and wonder in which he lived with it. His library is described as filled with well-selected authors, with curious works from the Eastern world, with many editions in both Greek and English of his beloved Plato; while portraits of Shakspeare, Montaigne, Goethe, Dante, looked down upon him from the walls. Produce a volume of Plato or of Shakspeare, he says, somewhere, or 'only remind us of their names,' and instantly we come into a feeling of longevity. That is the scholar's speech.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Essay.* (Macmillan & Co.).

### Notes

**MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT'S** *édition de luxe* of Prescott's Works, in fifteen octavo volumes is now complete. The edition is limited to 250 copies, numbered and registered, some of which, by the courtesy of the holders of the English copyright, have been sold in England.

It was £20—not £50—that Charles Scribner's Sons paid Messrs. Field & Tuer for the advance-sheets of, and American rights in, Max O'Rell's 'John Bull and His Island.'

'The Shadow of the War' is the title of a novel which Jansen McClurg & Co. will issue immediately. It is published anonymously, and the publishers have more than the usual amount of faith in the story. Stories of the War are many, but few of them are of much account.

Mr. S. S. Conant has written a poem called 'The Hermit's Lament,' which will be published in Arkell's Guide to Mt. McGregor. The hermit whose lament Mr. Conant voices lived for many years on the borders of a lake on the top of this picturesque mountain. He thought that there he was out of the reach of mankind, but he reckoned without the tourist. His retreat was soon discovered, and the lonely mountain-top is now overrun with railroad tracks and crowned with a hotel for summer-boarders.

'My Ducats and My Daughter,' an anonymous novel that has won the favorable notice of English critics, will be published in this country by Harper & Brothers.

Macmillan & Co. are issuing a new and revised edition of their valuable Educational Catalogue, which embodies, besides their own comprehensive list, the Clarendon Press Series and Pitt Press Series of Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

Robert Browning's contribution to 'The Shakspearean Show-Book,' sold at the Shakspearean Show in London, in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, was the following sonnet, which he calls 'The Name.'

Shakspeare!—to such name's sounding what succeeds  
Fits as silence? Falter forth the spell—  
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,  
Nor tapers with its magic more than needs.  
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads  
With his soul only; if from lips it fell,  
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven, and hell,  
Would own 'Thou didst create us!' Naught impedes  
We voice the other name, man's most of might,  
Awesomely, lovingly; let awe and love  
Mutely await their working, leave to sight  
All of the issue as, below, above,  
Shakspeare's creation rises: one remove,  
Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

The copies of 'The Shakspearean Show-Book' which Scribner & Welford have imported are said to be the first offered for sale outside of the show at Albert Hall. Only seven thousand were printed, and the book will soon be 'scarce' in England, if it is not so already.

Dr. Busch's 'Prince Bismarck in Private Life,' which appears in the July *Harper's*, was written before 'Our Chancellor,' and contains some very intimate details.

The second year's issue of Professor Henry Morley's 'Universal Library' (George Routledge & Sons) will contain the following volumes: Herrick's 'Hesperides,' Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' etc., Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' Sterne's 'Tristram Shandy,' George Chapman's 'Translation of Homer's Iliad,' Johnson's 'Rasselas,' and Voltaire's 'Candide,' 'The Alchemist and Other Plays' by Ben Jonson, Hobbes's 'Leviathan,' Butler's 'Hudibras,' Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia,' Bacon's 'New Atlantis,' Campanella's 'City of the Sun,' and Cervantes's 'Don Quixote.'

Dr. Howard Crosby, President Seelye, Ex-Gov. D. H. Chamberlain and Charles Francis Adams, Jr., express their opinion of the recent Republican nominations in the current number of *The Independent*.

A fine edition of the 'Histoire de Manon Lescaut,' illustrated by Maurice Leloir, is announced in Paris by D. Launette.

The Boston *Advertiser* is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of Miss Helen Zimmern as London correspondent. Miss Zimmern is the author of a translation of 'The Epic of Kings,' and is one of the most industrious and able of literary Englishwomen. Among her latest magazine articles is a paper on 'Mr. W. D. Howells' in the April *Revue Internationale*.

From *The Art Union* we learn that the Trustees of the Hallgarten prize fund and the Trustees of the Harper fund have agreed to combine the interest accruing from those funds for two years, and to apply it to the sending abroad of a deserving art-student. The jury to select the holder of the scholarship will be chosen by artists, and the first competition will take place in December.

'The Future of the Negro' is discussed in *The North American Review* for July by Senator Z. B. Vance, Frederick Douglass, Joel Chandler Harris, Senator John T. Morgan, Prof. Richard T. Greeneer, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Oliver Johnson, and others.

For the guidance of younger American authors who may be smitten with a desire to lay their works at the feet of the British aristocracy, we have taken the trouble to copy out the dedication of Mr. Grant White's new book, 'The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys.' It is as follows:—'To the Right Honorable Evelyn Henrietta, Countess Stanhope, Chevening, Sevenoaks, Kent. Dear Lady Stanhope: Your name adorns the first page of this book, not only because I have the great pleasure of believing that you do it the honor of regarding it with some interest, but because there is propriety in its being thus distinguished. For although you may not find it wholly worthy of approval, I know that Chevening is conspicuous among the houses in England in which I may hope that it will be received with candor, with generosity, and with good will, and with a hearty acknowledgment, besides, of the warm, deep feeling toward England, reaching even to loving reverence, from which its writer cannot free himself if he would, and which it has been ere this his pride and pleasure to reveal. Pray accept it as a slight tribute of respect and regard, fitly offered to one who, mistress of a house and member of a family in which distinction in literature and art, as well as in arms, accompanies high station, herself adds charm to that distinction, and to that station grace. I am, dear Lady Stanhope, faithfully yours, Richard Grant White. Stuyvesant Square, New York, May 20th, 1884.'

Miss Kate Field will contribute a few pages from her London diary to the August number of *The Manhattan*.

We have received, with the compliments of R. Hoe & Co., an interesting lithograph giving the portraits of the leading London journalists, each printed in the centre of a facsimile of the first page of his paper. The lithographic work is from the press of Root & Tinker.

'Louis Pasteur: His Life and Labors,' by his son-in-law, translated from the French by Lady Claude Hamilton, is announced as nearly ready by D. Appleton & Co.

A new series of scientific books under the title of Appletons' Science Text-Books has been for some time in preparation, and several volumes are now ready for publication. Among them are 'The Elements of Chemistry,' by Professor F. W. Clarke, Chemist to the United States Geological Survey; 'The Essentials of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene,' by R. S. Tracy, M. D.; and 'A Compend of Geology,' by Professor Joseph Le Conte. 'Elementary Zoölogy,' by Professor C. F. Holder, Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences, and Dr. J. B. Holder, Curator of Zoölogy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, is in preparation.

*The Bibliographer* and *The Antiquarian* for June (J. W. Bouton) are received. The former shows quite an interest in American book-lore, giving special articles to the late Henry Leypoldt and to Poole's Index, a book of which it says 'it is no figure of speech to say that no library should be without it.'

The June *Portfolio* (Bouton) has for its frontispiece an etching by B. A. L. Damman, from the head of a girl by Greuze, in the National Gallery. An interesting contribution is a reproduction of a study by D. G. Rossetti, which shows all the beauty and all the unpleasantness of that painter's style.

Wendell Phillips's 'Daniel O'Connell,' 'The Lost Arts,' and 'Eulogy of Garrison' have been reprinted in three small pamphlets by Lee & Shepard.

'Black and White' is the name of a little book in which T. Thomas Fortune, a Negro, editor of *The Globe*, of this city, discusses the problems of land and labor, and the condition of his race in the United States. Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, who will publish it, will issue also a volume on 'The Democratic Party,' in which Prof. J. Harris Patton will contend that the party in question 'has instituted but one measure or policy which by its success has been accepted and hardened into permanency.'

Rev. D. L. Wilson, of Pulaski, Tenn., the birthplace of the Ku Klux Klan, will tell the story of that baleful society in the July *Century*. The Klan was originally a pleasure club of less than ten young men.

Mr. Froude has abandoned his projected tour through America and Australia. The last volumes of his Carlyle biography will be ready in October.

Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty is finished, and Minister Morton has given a dinner to the Franco-American Union to celebrate the event. The banquet was attended by Prime Minister Ferry, M. Bartholdi, M. de Lesseps, the Minister of Marine and of Colonies, and the Minister of Commerce. The statue will be sent to this country by the French Government. Meanwhile the great American nation is adding little by little to the fund for a pedestal to support the bronze goddess when she reaches us. Why not make a handsome addition to the sum already in hand by imposing an import duty of thirty per cent on the statue itself? This plan must certainly commend itself to the present House of Representatives.

The refusal of Congress to remove the thirty per cent duty imposed on imported works of art produced by foreigners, or to impose a uniform duty on the productions of foreign-born artists and Americans living abroad, is having its natural result. The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs has declared that he will take measures to obtain compensation, as the treaty of commerce between the two countries has been violated by our laws; and there is no doubt that the Chamber of Deputies will give him its support. In France, too, though the Government has taken no action in the matter, the Society of French Artists has declined to give either a medal or honorable mention to the work of any American exhibited at the Salon this year. It is believed, moreover, that all American artists will be excluded from next year's exhibition, save those who have already received medals, and who must for that reason be admitted. As our artists have done all that they could to have the present discrimination in their favor removed, this seems rather unjust; but it is only what was to be expected.

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 720.**—I want to get a copy of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham's 'My Life in Prairie Land,' but cannot get it from the booksellers. I am also desirous of obtaining further information concerning Mrs. Farnham's personal history than I possess. I have all her books, except the one inquired for, and I know something about her work for women, but wish to know more, particularly of her services as matron of the women's department at Sing Sing. It seems strange to those few of a younger generation who know anything about her that so gifted a writer, and so earnest and successful a philanthropist, should be so little remembered as Mrs. Farnham appears to be.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

M. W. NORRIS.

**No. 721.**—In a recent issue of the Appletons, 'The Parlor Muse,' there are several poems by David Ker. Will some one kindly inform me where Mr. Ker resides, and what else he has written.

NEW YORK CITY.

M. F.

**No. 722.**—What is the signification of 'Taj,' in the name (Taj-Mahal) of the Mausoleum of Nur Mahal at Agra, in British India?

ADAMS, MASS.

W. P. BECKWITH.

[It is not the monument of Nur-Mahal, but of Munitáz-i-Mahal; and the name Taj-Mahal is regarded as a corruption of that name, though *Taj* is an Arabo-Persian word, meaning 'crown' or 'diadem.' *Mahal* is 'palace.']

**No. 723.**—Can you cite me to a law students' guide that would suggest the particular kind of non-professional literature which the student could, with most profit, devote himself to?

LAW DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

[The Catalogue of Harvard University for any year will furnish you with such a list as you require.]

**No. 724.**—Is anything known of 'Stratford atte Bowe' mentioned in Chaucer's *Prelude* to 'Canterbury Tales'?

And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

W. L.

[Stratford-atte-Bowe is a parish in the county of Middlesex, probably called 'atte Bowe' from the famous parish-church of St. Mary-le-Bow situated therein—a church where the consecration of the Bishop of London takes place. It has a peal of celebrated bells, and persons born within sound of them are jokingly called Cockneys, because the church (restored by Sir Christopher Wren) is in the heart of the 'City' proper of London. As to the French spoken there, see the instructive note *ad. loc.* given in Morris's edition of the 'Prologue' and 'Knight's Tale,' published by Macmillan.]

**No. 725.**—1. Is Emile Gaboriau still living? and who has translated his works into English? 2. Who wrote 'Joshua Marvel'? and is it out of print?

CAVENDISH, VT.

G. S.

[1. Gaboriau died in 1873. Cheap editions of his most popular novels, translated by we know not whom, are published by R. Worthington, of this city. 2. B. L. Farjeon. Harper & Bros. publish it.]

### ANSWERS.

**No. 675.**—A pleasant sketch of Mr. R. G. White, and probably the fullest obtainable, appeared, with a portrait, in the issue for May, 1881, of *The University Quarterly*, published by the students of Mr. White's Alma Mater, the University of the City of New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

IRA H. BRAINERD.

**No. 686.**—No; you are mistaken. The poem 'Whistling in Heaven' was not written by the Sweet Singer of Michigan, or Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, the Laureate of Long Island. It appeared anonymously in *Harper's Monthly* some years ago, and may be found in No. 14 of Garrett's 'One Hundred Selections.' The poem is better, on the whole, than one would judge from the first few lines, and suggests Will Carleton.

CAVENDISH, VT.

G. S.

**No. 699.**—Another poem entitled 'My Creed,' by Isaac N. Maynard, appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* about ten years ago—that is, about two years after Mrs. Towusend's.

LAS VEGAS, N. M.

GEO. B. WILLIAMS.

**No. 714.**—The stanza quoted by F. W. K. is the concluding quatrain of Emerson's 'Song of Nature.'

NEW YORK CITY.

L. W.

LIVING UP TO ONE'S INCOME is a very pleasant process, but it has many unpleasant results. If physical or mental strength falls in middle-age, there is nothing to look forward to but penury; and as the children grow up, there can be no high education or technological training for them. On the other hand, a few dollars a year saved and invested in an Endowment Policy in THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, would obviate these disagreeable eventualities.